Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

"I DINNA KEN WHAT HAS COME O'ER ME."

"I dinna ken what has come o'er me,
The days are sae wearifu' lang;
The glory is out o' the sunshine,
The lilt is out o' my sang.
The wark that used to go wi' me
Is done wi' a sigh and a tear;
My heart, that was light as a linnet's,
Is heavy wi' many a fear.

"The dew on the bonnie gowan,
The 'loo' o' the milking kye,
The making o' cheese and butter,
Who liked them better than I?
The wark o' the day was easy,
For the gloaming walk before me,
But since I am out wi' Robin
I dinna ken what has come o'er me."

"I dinna ken what has come o'er me,"
Said Robin, sowing the wheat;
"I used to think o' things bonnie,
And living and warking was sweet;
The wark o' the farm went wi' me,
My heart was merry and light;
I think I will e'en to the dairy
And speer after Jenny to-night."

"Oh, Robin! Oh, Robin! How could ye?"
"Oh, Jenny, you're deare-t and best!"
He held out his hands, and she took them,
Then syne she was clasp'd to his breast.
O, then, but the meadow was sweet!
The milking was easy and glad!
And home through the gloaming they went,
The happiest lassie and lad!

Now Jenny sings in her dairy,
And light is the sound of her feet;
While Robin merrily whistles,
Busily sowing the wheat.
The work in the house is easy,
The work in the field is light;
For when love in the heart is true,
The work of the hand goes right.
—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

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VIOLA ——;

—OR—

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Ralph was an enigma to himself all that day. In the first place he was decidedly out of temper, and there was no reasonable excuse for such a feeling, that he would admit. In the second place he wasn't particularly enthusiastic over the prospect of going for Blanche. The people where she was staying were strangers—he tried to persuade himself that that was the reason; but—there was the long drive home. The thought of a *tete-a-tete* with his pretty cousin usually stirred his pulses and set his heart to quicker time, but to-day it sent never so much as the faintest little thrill through his veins.

Perhaps I had better state here, the exact relation that existed between Blanche and Ralph; that is, as nearly as it is possible to describe such relations in that peculiar unsettled, undeclared state, when no vows have been spoken, and only the eyes have dared to hint what is in the heart.

Ralph was by nature susceptible, ardent, impulsive. Nearly all his life he had been almost wholly removed from feminine society. It had the charm of novelty for him, and when his cousin Blanche, who understood the art of fascination by nature, blushed and dropped her eyes when he looked at her—those beautiful, changeful, wonderful eyes, that hinted so much through their silken fringes—and when she put her hand, her soft, fluttering hand, in his with such shy frankness, and called him her "dear Ralph;" and when she flattered him in little delicate ways, which seemed to escape her tongue and eyes despite her knowledge, is it any wonder that the unsophisticated young sailor succumbed to what was very evidently his fate?

He found, too, that it was rather expected of him to fall in love with his cousin by both families, and, indeed, it did not seem at all a hard thing to do with the encouragement he received. It seemed, besides, to be a foregone conclusion on all sides, and people began to banter him about being married, some going so far as to inquire of him if "he was going to take his wife with him when he sailed in the spring.

It half vexed and half pleased him. It sent a little, exquisite, delightful thrill along his nerves to think of Blanche as his wife—she was beautiful and bewildering enough to stir a less susceptible heart than his—but he rather wished people would not be in such haste to talk about it before he had ventured to do so himself. As far as his "courtship"—if there had been any such thing—was concerned, it only consisted so far in certain little indescribable glances—which everybody with the least imagination or experience—can fancy for themselves—and of little, lingering, caressing touches—and, well, I'm not quite sure but there *might* have been a kiss or two in the dark, such things have happened, even when the parties weren't cousins, as in the present instance. I hope no person with a rigid sense of propriety will accuse me of winking at so heinous an offense, because I don't do it. I have a very realizing sense that it isn't at all "proper," and I'm most sure it's actually wicked; but, then, what can *I* do about it? I have not the least hope that if I should devote my life to the reform of this enormous evil, that I should succeed in "stamping it out;" people are—well, so *very* human.

But to return to my subject. Ralph was in that uncertain period between the dawn and daylight of love, when imagination is most active and eloquent. But somehow a wet blanket seemed suddenly thrown over the rosy flame. And even when he came into the enchanting presence, the spell was powerless. Blanche perceived the coolness—or rather the lack of warmth, in a moment. After they had set out on their homeward journey, she set herself to the task of discovering the cause of Ralph's very evident abstraction. She came at it before they had ridden half a mile, although Ralph had secretly determined not to mention the matter to her. He could not tell afterward, when thinking it over, how he had come to do so.

Blanche was so shocked to think a young woman had come near perishing so nigh them, that her voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears.

"How terrible it would have been if she had died—the pretty little creature," she said, in a gush of feeling. "Life is just as dear to a poor simple little servant-girl as it is to you or me. I am so glad you found her, dear Ralph;" the glistening lashes just lifting, the scarlet lips parted and tremulous.

"Blanche has got a soft, womanly heart," he thought, with a tenderer feeling toward her than he had felt all day.

"I suppose Mr. Montford will be willing to give you half his kingdom, he will feel so grateful toward you," she said a moment after, a faint smile struggling through the tender sorrow of her face.

"I do not wish for any part of Mr. Montford's kingdom," he replied, quickly.

"Since you are a king your elf, and your kingdom is the sea?" she asked, with a bright glance. "I am so glad you are a sailor, Ralph!"

"And so am I; I wish I was a thousand leagues from land now," he said, impetuously, striking Bess a sharp cut across the ears with his whip, as if she were in some way to blame for his not being there.

A sudden pale flame shone for an instant in Blanche Arnold's downcast eyes; or was it possibly the reflection of the amber glow where the sun had just gone down?

There had been something of a scene at Montford House the evening of the storm, when Mr. Montford returned and found Althea had sent Stella up to Arnold's in the storm; and only Fannie's assurance that she had in all probability stopped with Mrs. Bugbee, as it must have snowed hard when she got there, and the night had shut down so early, kept him from starting off up there in the storm.

It was not a cheerful evening at Montford House. Althea sat at the table and pretended to read a book of poems, but there was an angry glitter in her eyes which the spirit of harmony failed to exorcise, and one got the impression that the melodious world did not get past them into her heart.

DeVries was evidently laboring very hard to be perfectly indifferent. He had his face well under control at every point, and Victor, who had unconsciously fallen to observing him a good deal of late, could see not so much as the simplest expression of gratification on the impassive face. And yet he felt instinctively that he was secretly rejoiced at Miss Blake's absence, and though he tried to fight back the thought, he was equally sure that he was hoping she was out in the storm, and that she might never return. It made him nervous, this horrible suspicion, as well as the possibility that she might be at that moment lying white and stiff under the snow. He could not sit still, and like his father, more than once resolved to set out in search of her.

Fannie, who never saw any dark side to anything, was the only hopeful and contented one among them—I mean happily hopeful, not hopeful of evil, as possibly some of them were.

But the morning brought Stella back safe.

DeVries was standing by the window when Mr. Montford drove up with her. He set his teeth hard together when he saw them, but he did not move nor speak as Mr. Montford lifted her out and brought her up the steps; only once he lifted his eyes expressively to Althea's face, and dropped them again, instantly. Perhaps he was afraid that even she should see all there was in them at that moment. But a moment afterward he was congratulating Stella upon her escape, and looking the impersonation of tender interest.

That evening DeVries and Althea held a council of war in the back parlor. The rest of the family were in the sitting-room, and Miss Blake, instead of being with the other servants, was with them, a breach of etiquette of which Fannie seemed quite oblivious. It was nothing unusual for Althea and DeVries to spend an evening alone, and so no one suspected the nice little arrangement in progress of concoction.

"If Mr. Montford *should* marry this low girl, it would make it very unpleasant for you, dear Althea," DeVries said. "You see these sort of people are sure to put on airs if they succeed in getting above their station by any means, and they will stoop to most any means."

"I would not stay in the house an hour after *she* became its mistress?" Althea exclaimed, passionately.

"*I* would not allow you to. You do not think I would, I hope?" he said, in his softest tone. "But I do not like to think of her driving you from your own rightful inheritance."

"Inheritance! I will not give up *that* to her. Papa shall give me my portion."

"But, my dear Allie, suppose she should object? You see what an influence she exerts over him now. You saw as well as I the lover-like tenderness with which he brought her into the house this morning. Do you doubt that he would do her bidding, whatever it happened to be, if she should marry him? The property is all in his hands—I might perhaps have managed it a little different if I had foreseen this thing. I think there was a time when he would have settled a certain portion on each of his children; at least I think I had influence enough to have *persuaded* him," he glanced covertly at her when he said this. He had never yet known just how much of the past Althea Montford knew.

A slow, cold pallor settled down on her face, and her eyes grew hard and steely in their expression.

"You can do it now," she said, in a low, hoarse voice. "He will not *dare* refuse."

"He *has* refused this very afternoon, Althea," he answered, slowly. "I think he is perfectly reckless and indifferent. It has been so long, you know, since—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, nervously; "please omit all mention of what has been. The past is dead and buried, past any chance of resurrection; the present and future must be attended to now. What have you to propose? She must not—she *shall* not stay here!"

"That is just it, Allie; if I needed any other assurance than that I have always in my heart that you are my other self, my twin soul, I should find it in the fact that your thought is always my thought. Did you ever observe it, dear Allie?" He leaned over as he spoke, and touched his lips to her forehead. He knew then that he could lead her wherever he chose.

"Let me know your thought, then," she said, smiling fondly in the face—the dark, handsome face that she worshipped above everything else on earth or in Heaven.

"Call her into the parlor to-morrow morning, and dismiss her squarely. Tell her so that she will understand it what you shall think of her if she stays contrary to the desire of the ladies of the house. She is proud and as fiery as Lucifer, and she will probably go without further trouble. It will be well enough to be sure your father and Victor are not about, to interfere."

And so, after a little more planning, and a little love-making, the council dissolved to meet again for active duty in the morning.

Stella was brushing her hair about ten o'clock of the next forenoon, when Susan Dale, the chambermaid, came up to tell her that "Miss Althea wished to see her in the parlor, right away." She finished putting up the long heavy coils of silky, loosely-curling hair, and then went down. DeVries was standing by the window, looking out, with his back to the door. He did not turn nor look up when she went in, but Miss Montford got up and came a few steps toward her.

"I have sent for you, Miss Blake, to inform you that your services are no longer needed in this house," she said, with cool hauteur. "We have all the servants for which I can find employment, without you, and as you are the latest, it is your place to leave, which I wish you to do immediately—this forenoon. The hostler will take you and your trunk wherever you wish to be carried."

"Mr. Montford hired me, madam, and I shall not go until he dismisses me," Stella answered, quietly, but with flashing eyes.

"Very well; but remember, if you stay, that you will be understood to stay as Mr. Montford's *companion*. If that *role* suits you, I suppose you can accept it. I do not know as his children can help themselves if he chooses to disgrace himself and them by keeping you."

Stella grew white as death. She turned, staggered, groped for the door, and fell forward into the hall, in a dead faint, just as Mr. Montford opened the outer door.

"Good heaven—Stella! Why, is the child dead?" he cried, in a sort of helpless excitement, trying to lift her in his arms.

"No fear, I guess," Althea said, coldly. "You cannot kill some people. Don't make yourself ridiculous, father, any more than you are naturally." She had not meant to say quite that, but her anger at his sudden and unexpected return made her quite beside herself.

"Althea Montford," he cried, turning a face full of terrible rage upon her, "it wouldn't take many such speeches as that to make me kill you. I'm not such a fool as to be walked over in my own house, let me tell you, and I won't be! Stella, girl, what is the matter?" he asked, as she opened her eyes and looked up, with a strong shudder.

"Ask Miss Montford," she said, simply.

"It means that I have no use for so many servants, and I had just dismissed Miss Blake. I suppose she can appeal to you," Althea said, sullenly. She was a little alarmed at the terrible anger her father had displayed, and did not dare say more.

"Althea, I want you to understand that I will keep just as many servants as I please, if it's a hundred! It's none of your business, and I won't have any of your interference, do you understand?" and he brought down his fist with terrible emphasis on the table. "I will be master in my own house, do you hear that?" he almost screamed.

His face grew purple, he clawed the air wildly with his hands, and sank in a heap to the floor.

Fannie and Susan Dale, alarmed by the sound of loud talking, came in just as he fell over. For a few moments all was confusion, and Althea was really frightened, thinking she had killed her father, and worked as vigorously as any of them for his restoration, which, by the aid of hot baths, was soon effected. It was only a fit of anger, but it was terrible, nevertheless, and nothing more was said about Stella Blake's leaving, lest it should rouse another such a tempest of wrath.

CHAPTER XII.

The next day after the events recorded in the last chapter, DeVries had to go to Chicago on some business connected with the Montford property. Going down Lake street and just opposite the City Hotel, he saw a man coming towards him. He started, grew pale, and turned abruptly and went into a shop opposite. Glancing back over his shoulder as he closed the door, he saw the man just disappearing in the hotel. He drew a long breath of relief and sauntered up to the counter and made some slight purchase. When he gave the man his change his shapely white hands trembled so that the shop-keeper noticed it, and with a sharp look at his face said:

"Hadn't you better sit down, sir, you look ill?"

"It is only coming into a warm room, suddenly; I was a good deal chilled; the air is penetrating to-day," he said, with a little shiver, coming and standing by the stove, and holding out his hands, which still trembled visibly, and had a pallid look with faint purple markings at the base of the long, well kept nails.

Mr. DeVries was acquainted with the clerk at the City Hotel, and that evening, while the guests and boarders were at supper, he dropped in to see him a moment.

"By the way," he said, after a few common places, "I was expecting some to find a friend of mine here, but I glanced into the dining room and saw nothing of him. May be he has been here and gone."

"What name?" asked the clerk, turning over his book.

"Morley," said DeVries, coming and looking over the clerk's shoulder. "H. L. Morley. Turn back a day or two, if you please."

The obliging clerk turned back page after page till he got to October, but no "H. L. Morley" was registered there.

"It is the more strange because I thought I saw him come in here to-day, DeVries said, his eyes still running up and down the columns of the book with a sort of feverish eagerness.

"To-day? Let me see. There has been but two arrivals to-day—that is, gentlemen; several ladies came in in the morning trains. What sort of a looking man was your friend?"

"Tall, with black hair and eyes and a heavy beard—a rather good looking man."

"There has been a man answering that general description stopping here a day or two—that is his name," pointing with his pen, "H. Albertson, New York. He left this afternoon for home."

"Did he wear a light overcoat, and light felt hat?" DeVries asked, a look of relief growing in his face.

"Yes, and black pantaloons. A very handsome man, I thought."

"Probably, and that was why I mistook him for my friend, as I see now that I must have done. I was some distance off or I should not have made such a mistake. Fortunately I was so engaged that I could not come directly here; it might have been annoying to Mr. Albertson. Sorry I have troubled you so, my dear fellow, with my blunder," he said, apologetically. "Pray don't mention it; it annoys me to think I was so careless as to make such a mistake."

"O, the trouble is nothing, and as for mistakes, every one makes them, sometimes," was the good-humored reply.

There was a moment or two of conversation concerning the storm, and Mr. DeVries bade his friend good-bye and went out into the street.

"What an idiot I was to let such an absurd fancy get possession of my brain!" he said, turning his collar about his ears and hurrying along. "Heavens! what an afternoon this has been!" and the cold sweat started to his forehead at the bare recollection. "But what a resemblance it was!" he gasped under his breath. "I hope most devoutly that I shall never set eyes on Mr. H. Albertson, again!"

When Alfred DeVries reached his hotel he ordered and drank two glasses of strong brandy, but even then, when he went up to his room his blood felt like ice in his veins, and his feet and hands were cold and clammy, almost, as dead ones.

Susan Dale was ordinarily a good sort of a girl, but she was just a little envious of Stella Blake. "For her part," she said, "she didn't like to see poor girls try to set themselves up for something better than they was, and try to play the fine lady."

This she said to the hostler who had invited herself and Stella to go to a "candy party," at her cousins, which invitation Stella had quietly refused, greatly to the sorrow of the young man, who had indulged in sundry rosy anticipations of going through the "needle's eye" in her company, if anybody knows what that is.

"I suppose she thinks her handsome face will get her a rich husband—the old man, like enough," he said, crossly.

"For my part, I don't see how anybody can call *her* handsome," Susan rejoined, with a little contemptuous toss of the head. "Men has such queer fancies! I am sure *I* wouldn't have such a temper as looks out of her big, fiery eyes, for all the world. I guess the fellow who has her will have to toe the mark."

"I am sure I don't know of anybody who ever thought of having her. You know *I* didn't, Susan," he said, with a very expressive look; "you know there's only *one* girl in the county that I'd have if they got down on their knees and begged me to, and *you* know who that girl is, Susan."

Susan blushed in tacit acknowledgment that she *did* know "that girl," and was mollified immediately, in blissful ignorance as she was that "Charley" said very much the same thing to every girl who gave him an opportunity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fanatics.

The visitor to Jerusalem may see the young Rabbi, who believes himself to be the true Jewish Messiah, walking unhurt in the streets, although he has not yet succeeded in gathering disciples of his own. Some years since he might watch the poor sailor (once lightning-struck) who, dressed in white, and staggering beneath a wooden cross some fifteen feet high, announced himself as Jesus of Nazareth, and inscribed men's names in his book of life; but that troubled brain now lies at peace in the English grave-yard, while at the grave-head the cross he carried has been fixed with touching propriety, and is surrounded with that crown of thorns which he at one time actually wore. An American prophet driving a wagon, and married to an Arab wife to the disgust of his lawful spouse, who has appeared unexpectedly to claim him, has taken the place of the Englishman, and is equally tolerated by the Moslem population. Within the city itself, close to the Moslem quarter, fifteen American devotees await the appearance of the Messiah on Olivet, and pass their time in prayer and song. Yet these people are suffered to live unmolested and can walk the streets without fear of being stoned.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Current of Rivers.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is at 100 miles from its mouth only 300 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall 300 feet in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great River Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance. Above the distance of 1,000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind and even against the current, to an elevation greater than our loftiest spires.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—If they keep on we shall have kid gloves reaching to the shoulder.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Warning to Investors in Government Lands.

One day last week a deed was brought to the Recorder's Office here to be recorded, which was executed in 1860. During all these years the holder has had no record title to his farm, and, had the original owner been so disposed, could have sold it again, and had the second purchaser recorded his deed he would have held the legal title. There are thousands of like instances in this and other States. Every holder of a deed of real estate should make sure that it is on record. In the United States Land Office here are nearly 30,000 Governmental patents of land, which should be in possession of the owners of the land, and on record in the proper county. Some of the entries which they represent are thirty and forty years old. It is not generally known, or this would not be the case; the holder of this land has no evidence of title to his land whatever, and should he die no conveyance could be made, and there would be trouble in settling the estate. All he holds is the certificate of purchase from the Register and Receiver of the Land Office, which, if he will read, only shows that he has paid so much money for a certain quantity of land—a simple receipt for money. It gives no title, and guarantees nothing. If he has sold the land on the basis of such certificate he has done so without legal right or title. It is well-known that in the rush for Government land twenty-five years ago mistakes were liable to occur, and did occur. In many instances, certificates and patents were duplicated. In several instances when parties received their patents it described an entirely different tract of land from the certificate. In one instance a person, who, after waiting many years, came here to get his patent or deed, found it was for a tract different from that described in his certificate. He had sold the land and given a warranty deed. The land described in the patent had already been taken by another purchaser who received a certificate for the same land, had got his patent, and sold it again. The first purchaser having discovered the conflicting title, sought to correct it, when he discovered his mistake, and that a certificate of purchase was not a deed by a large majority. It cost him a good sum of money to settle with his grantee. Probably 20,000 holders of Government land in this State are in the same fix, and it is only by surrendering their certificates at the land office that errors, if any exist, can be corrected. This is true of all purchases of Government land in any State. And here arises another difficulty. If the original purchaser has died, and it is discovered that a wrong tract has been deeded or patented, a new patent or deed can not issue, for land can not be conveyed to a dead man. Hence, every holder of Government land, whether the original purchaser or not, should know that the Government patent is of record. Land sharks exist everywhere, and they will cause trouble when least expected.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Special to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Young Immigrants.

Miss Louise Slater, aged three years, and Master Willie Slater, aged five, came all alone across the broad Atlantic as steerage passengers on the steamer Lake Michigan, which arrived from Liverpool the other day. They enjoy the distinction of being the very youngest children who ever landed at Castle Garden unaccompanied by their parents or guardians. They are as rosy-cheeked and healthy a pair of infants as one would wish to see, and as they trotted about the rotunda hand in hand they looked altogether comfortable and happy. They were warmly and neatly dressed, and it was plain to be seen that some one had cared for them during the long and stormy voyage. The reporter had his suspicions concerning a motherly-looking woman who watched the children with smiling eyes. "Lord, sir," she said, "the babies were well looked after. I didn't do more nor the rest. Every man and woman in the ship felt kindly toward 'em and they couldn't have had better care if their own mother was with 'em. They're dear little ones and I have grown as fond of 'em as my own." When Slater and his wife, the parents of the little travelers, came to this city from England six months ago, they were poor and left the children in a charitable institution in Liverpool, until they had made a home for them, and saved enough money to pay their passage. The mother was sent for and was overjoyed to meet her little one. Master Willie, during his short stay in the rotunda, developed astonishing industry and ingenuity in getting into mischief. He turned a water faucet and nearly flooded Castle Garden, burned his fingers with a hot poker, pulled the yellow hair of a big German boy, pinched a Swedish baby until it howled, upset an inkstand over some official records, and tripped up an Irishman with a hooked cane.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The New Five-Cent Piece.

At the time, a few weeks ago, the coinage of the new nickel was begun at the Philadelphia Mint the Chicago *Daily Herald* secured and published cuts showing both faces of the new coin. At that time it was thought this new five-cent piece would soon become familiar to all by being generally and liberally distributed throughout the country, but its further coinage has been stopped for reasons which will appear below. The cuts, as published in the *Herald*, are as follows:

The fact that there is nothing on the coin to indicate its value except the "V" on the reverse was soon "made a note of" by counterfeiters, who at once commenced gilding the pieces with gold and palming them off on unsuspecting parties for five-dollar gold pieces, and hence the Government authorities have ceased the further minting of the new nickels.

There being a limited number of the new pieces in circulation in different sections of the country a lively demand has sprung up for them by coin hunters, and they are already commanding a premium of from one hundred to four hundred per cent. over their face value.

The New Comet.

Private scientific observations of the new Swift comet which was discovered on Friday night last at Rochester, N. Y., were made at the private observatory of George Gildersleeve in this city last evening. The result was highly satisfactory. The position of the comet was found to be approximately in right ascension 23h. 33m., and declination, north, 28 deg. 30m. The position is northwest by west, and near the horizon just after twilight. The central condensation of the comet was almost stella, and it was surrounded by a large mass of haze. The tail was about thirty minutes long, but very faint. The comet is very bright in the telescope, and on a dark sky, away from the twilight, could be seen by the naked eye. Its motion since its discovery has been eastward eleven degrees and northward half a degree, a probable indication that it has been around the sun and is going off into space. One may, therefore, get a nearer view as it passes the earth, but, if it is still on its way toward the sun there will probably be a more brilliant display. More observation is needed before anything definite can be said. The gentlemen engaged in making the observation last evening have also been watching the course of the large comet of last autumn, which is still visible in the telescope. It was seen last night almost due south, at an elevation of about thirty-five degrees above the horizon, appearing as a faint brush of light in the heavens.—*Baltimore, Md., (Feb 27) Special to Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Cleveland, Pattison and Butler.

In November last the people of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts elected Democratic Governors. In all three of these States there were, at the time of the election, Republican Governors; and in two of them Republican Governors had been the rule and Democratic the very rare exception. For this reason more than any other, we suppose, the result stirred the bile in the Republican stomach to most amusing extent, and the political biliousness began to show itself in various ways as soon as the party had recovered from the shock of unexpected and disastrous defeat. It seemed as if Republicans could not realize, much less understand, the verdict at the polls; and that it affected them very much as would a vote in Parliament abolishing the British monarchy the average Englishman. New York they could get over tolerably well, but that Pennsylvania and Massachusetts should choose Democratic instead of Republican Chief Magistrates was to them astounding and almost incredible. If Harrisburg had been destroyed by an earthquake and Boston by a water-spout, they would have been no more surprised than they were by the presence of Governor Pattison in the one city and Governor Butler in the other. As soon as Republicans were convinced by indubitable facts that it was not all a dream, but grim and solid reality, they opened their mud batteries upon the people who had done this awful thing and upon the newly-elected Governors, including his excellency of New York. The voters of the three States were denounced for their treachery to "the great party of God and morality," and as for these three Governors, if they had been three impenitent thieves, they would not have been pelted more vigorously and vindictively. Before Cleveland, Pattison and Butler had opened their mouths in an official capacity, Republican organs hastened to inform the country and the world that Butler was a rough whom it were base flattery to call a villain; that Pattison was a young man of small principle and less experience; that Cleveland, though somewhat older, was no wiser or better; and that if Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York did not go straight to "the demnition bow-wows" under their administration the escape would be entirely owing to the kindness of an overruling Providence.

And such has been the prevailing Republican tune and tone ever since. Fault has been found with the three Governors for everything they have said or done, and for everything they have failed to say or do, so that between their alleged sins of commission and of omission they are left, in Republican estimation, not an inch of ground to stand upon. Cleveland and Pattison were inaugurated in the plainest possible way, and they were abused for "degrading their high office by false and foolish economy and simplicity." Butler was inaugurated as his predecessors had been, and he was abused for not imitating Cleveland and Pattison. Cleveland and Butler in their inaugural addresses ventured to emphasize the necessity of reform in the various departments of State Government, and they were hooted at as "demagogues trying to manufacture political capital for themselves." Pattison in his inaugural frankly admitted his lack of experience and asked popular indulgence there or, and the leading Republican organ of Pennsylvania reminded him that on a certain occasion the Devil had

"Owned with a grin
That his favorite sin
Was the pride that aped humility."

Nevertheless the three Governors have managed thus far to survive the mud batteries, and seem to be attending to their business with Democratic neatness and dispatch. We suppose that each has made the usual number of mistakes, and that neither has fully satisfied the expectations of all those who voted for him; but on the whole Cleveland, Pattison and Butler have been and are decidedly better Governors than were their Republican predecessors, and it is this fact, we fancy, which galls and goads their Republican critics. If the three Democratic Governors had been as bad as they have been good, the Republican heart would have rejoiced exceedingly, and Republican flattery greased the wheels which rolled them to political perdition. Having done very well so far, and promising to do still better in the future, the mud batteries continue to play upon them, and are not likely to cease while they remain in office. Meanwhile Cleveland, Pattison and Butler are a very pretty Democratic trinity for Democratic contemplation, and whether Republicans praise or damn them nobody except Republicans "cares so much as a brass farden."—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Advertisement in the *Transcontinental Gazette*, at Nice: "Notice—To whom it may concern: Having visited the Leaning Tower, at Pisa, Italy, I am fully convinced that the architectural grandeur and beauty of this ancient and collossal relict of past ages can be wonderfully improved. I hereby offer to contract to put this immense structure in a perpendicular position, and raise it to a level of the ground, for the sum of $600,000, the terms of payment and time of completion to be agreed upon, the time not to exceed ninety days. Austin Savage, Yankee Engineer."

—The most suitable water for slaking lime is the softest that can be procured; if from melted snow or rain, so much the better. Spring water is usually too hard, and contains carbonic acid or carbonate of lime. Saline constituents in water also prevent its successful use for slaking lime; but, as a general rule, it may be assumed that the fewer carbonates there are in the water the more economical it will be for this purpose.—*Chicago Times.*

—Mr. Vanderbilt informed a prominent railroad gentleman in this city that his income in the year 1881 was over $20,000,000, and that he was bothered terribly to know how to invest it so that it would be safe, and that at the same time the public would not find fault with him and call him a thief and a robber. This is undoubtedly the largest income ever received by mortal man in this world.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The cable system of street-car traction, which is in successful operation at San Francisco and Chicago, is about to be introduced into England, at Highgate.